

Daily Empire.

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John Brown has proved to be the dearest weight the Abolition party of this State ever attempted to carry. It is reported that they are very anxious to have him withdrawn from the canvass, in the hope of putting up somebody that could arouse a little enthusiasm in their despondent and dispirited ranks. We trust Brown will keep on the track. We can beat any man they can put up, but Brown a little easier than most of them.

Organize.

Our future prosperity, the peace of the country, the protection of constitutional liberty, and the future existence of the Union of our fathers depend upon the success of the Democratic party at the ballot-box.

It then becomes the imperative duty of the Democracy, everywhere, to marshal their forces and perfect their organization for the contest. Secession and Abolitionism must be overthrown or our liberties are forever gone, and this work can be accomplished only by the Democratic party.

All over Ohio, indeed all over the adjoining States, the notes of preparation are being sounded. Clubs are organized, meetings are held, and the people are enthusiastic in the great work of restoring conservative men to the government of the country.

We hope the Union loving people of Montgomery County will not be behind in the great and good work. If you would not be, you must organize a Club in each township, hold regular meetings, have speakers, and go into the campaign with that life and vigor which is the forerunner of victory.

"Be true and be faithful,
Dissect not the right.
The brave become valiant,
The daring do the right.
Time up and be doing,
This is our only life,
The duty is pressing,
Down with the present!

Cool Maudlinity.

An abolition paper, in a characteristic defense of its party, says:—
"They have assailed slavery with fact, argument, ridicule and denunciation, but they have never resisted the authority of the Government by making war upon it."

This is about the most reckless piece of maudlinity in the face of facts, the most notorious, that we remember to have seen. The history of the abolition party is a history of lawless resistance to the authority of the Government. Thirteen abolition States passed legislative acts nullifying a law of Congress and a provision of the Constitution of the United States, and most of them furnished examples of lawless resistance to the authority of the government by the abolitionists, which many now high in authority aided or abetted. Bess Wade presented a flag to a band of Abolition outlaws in this State, called the "Sons of Freedom," organized by a son of old John Brown, for the ostensible purpose of resistance to the government in the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law. Secretary Chase, then Governor of the State, ordered ammunition manufactured to be used for the same purpose. OWEN LOVELL, JOSHUA GIBBONS, and others defied the Government to enforce the law in their several districts. Boorn, of Wisconsin, convicted of violating the Fugitive Slave Law, was discharged from custody by the Supreme Court of the State, and Governor RANDALL proposed to call out the militia to protect him against United States authority, and disbanded a military company of Irishmen because the captain of the company said he thought, as a naturalized citizen, his first duty was to the United States, the Constitution of which he had sworn to support. We might go on and enumerate numerous other instances familiar to all, to prove the lawless character of the Abolition party, but this will be sufficient for the present. Desperate indeed must be the cause which can only be obtained by such a reckless falsification of facts.

Who are loyal to the Government.

We ask who are loyal to the Government—not who are the blind and selfish supporters of the party in power? Those hostile to the Constitution framed by WASHINGTON and his associates, and who are laboring for its overthrow and the establishment in its place of a central despotism, are not loyal to the Government. No man can truthfully assert or claim that he is a "Union man," or for the cause of the Union, who is not also for maintaining the Constitution as it is, forming as it does the bond of the American Union.—The men who at this critical period in our

country's history plead military necessity in justification of violations of the plain letter of our written Constitution—that great palladium of American liberty—depend upon it, are not to be relied upon as friends of their country. Tried by the true test of loyalty, i. e., devotion to the Constitution as it is, and the restoration of the Union with or without slavery existing in the seceded States, and a majority of the party in power, including nearly all its leaders, will be found unreliable, if not open in their opposition to both. Are such men true to their country? The Constitution for more than seventy years has been found equal to the wants of the country, and to-day clothes those in authority with all the powers necessary to its own preservation and the perpetuation of the Government and Union of States formed under it. Why then do the party in power justify and even recommend disregard of its wholesome limitations and requirements? Why do the leaders of the party ridicule the idea of maintaining it as it is, with all its guarantees of civil liberty unimpaired? Why do they sneer at those who are in good faith and ardently in favor of the restoration of the Union as it was? As the party in power are not for maintaining the Constitution as it is, and restoring the Union as it was, what form of Government do they propose as a substitute? Do they favor absolute monarchy, limited monarchy, a military despotism, or a great central Government, with LAFAYETTE as dictator? It is high time the people were fully aroused to the vast importance of maintaining the Constitution as it is. While it is sustained, and all in power are compelled to conform to its requirements and respect its limitations, civil and religious, will live, and the people be secure in their rights and privileges. The Constitution overthrown, and there will follow "confusion worse confounded," and the end will be a despotism of the worst character. The people should look to it, and discard as false to their country, men who either act in violation of the plain letter of the Constitution themselves, or justify others in the disregard of its limitations and requirements.

Hon. D. W. Voorhees.

This bold and eloquent champion of Democracy and civil liberty, has tendered his services to our Democratic State Central Committee, to stamp the State in behalf of the Democratic ticket and the great principles of Democracy. He will address the citizens of Montgomery County on the 17th of September.

Questions for the People.

What infernal influence is at work among the people, inciting hatred, strife, violence and personal feud?

But a few months ago, and men tolerated differences of opinion, each allowed the other to be honest, even if mistaken, and each allowed the other to entertain and express his own views.

Then Democratic and Republican neighbors lived side by side, visited each other, neighborly with each other, and were in the constant interchange of kind and friendly offices.

What a sad change the last few months have produced! The friendly visits have ceased, the kind act is withheld. Hatred has usurped the place of friendship.

The Democrat all at once finds that old friends have become his deadly foes. The Democrat is taunted and insulted at every step, his wife and children are abused, his property and even his life are threatened.

Mobs convene, angry and threatening, and are only held at bay by revolvers, in the hands of determined men, while even Republican women so far forget their sex, as to cry to the angry and brutal mob—"Go on! Kill them; burn their houses—if you don't, we will."

Of course, inevitably, as sure as God lives, these persecuted outraged people, WHO ARE THE MAJORITY IN OHIO, will soon reach a point where endurance abruptly ceases, and defense of home, wife and children begins.

This is the verge of anarchy; it is the beginning of lawlessness and violence; it is whetting the pike and lighting the brand; it is inciting an internecine conflict, too big, too wide spread, too devilish for soldiers to quell. May Heaven, in mercy, avert the horrors which impend.

The cause of all this is to be found in the loyal leagues. The mass of the members meanwell; but they are incited to madness by falsehood; they are made devilish by appeals to their passions. It is here that bad men make their influence supreme.

And who is to control these Loyal Leagues? In this country it is Stanton, Lawrence, and the gang who have rode the majority in this county looked and spared. It is that infernal nest of office beggars, some of whom came to the county as paupers, and have grown rich without a day of toil.

These are the responsible men—these are the men who manage the hellish machinery which begets hatred and animosity, and violence, which before long must end in assassinations, confagurations, anarchy.

Hold them to their responsibility. Don't forget for a moment. To secure office, they are employing instrumentalities which put in jeopardy the lives and property of every human being in the county.

We implore the hundreds of good and well meaning men in this county who have been inveigled into these satanic dens to leave them. Don't quarrel with your neighbors and true friends; don't endanger the peace of community; don't bring danger to your own families; merely to keep in office a set of political treacherers, who care nothing for you, and wouldn't stoop to speak to you, if it wasn't for your vote.

Our Foreign Correspondence.

(Special Correspondence Dayton Register.)

CONS. HALL, JULY, 1863.

Two weeks ago, as I sat in the saloon of the steamer, writing out some incidents in my note-book, my plain-spoken friend, Patrick McGillicuddy, with whom those who read my letters will become better acquainted hereafter, addressed this civil question to me: "Who in the devil do you suppose is going to read all that?" I answered him that writing was my work—the reading, who for somebody else to do. But the question imposed itself upon me as a timely warning, and I will give you in this letter but a portion of the substance of my monomial up to this date.

At twelve o'clock on Wednesday, June 24, I found myself sitting on the quarter-deck of the "British and North American Royal Mail Steamship Africa," at Boston, en route for Europe. Although I was about realizing a hope entertained from childhood, I found my feelings were not those of unmixed pleasure; and when the captain ascended the wheel-house, and the bells rang, the great wheels revolved and the vessel backed out into the stream, my heart sank within as if a sorrow, sudden and dark, had fallen upon me. This feeling lasted for a moment, however, and as we passed rapidly down the harbor, by Fort Independence and Warren, objects of interest succeeded each other so rapidly that I forgot my own existence in their contemplation. The day was calm and beautiful, and the ocean spread out before us "a summer sea" as charming and as gentle as a brook. The breeze from the west bore down our wings, we doubted not, the good wishes and prayers of the dear ones left behind, came after us, inspiring us on our journey. Soon "there was visible only a long, low-lying cloud" behind us, and we said farewell to our native land and turned our faces to the ocean before us and the strange lands beyond.

Thursday night at eleven P. M., we were abreast of Halifax light, and I concluded to remain up until we made the landing. The sky was unusually clear, but the moon left us before we came up to the town and our own view was limited to the signal lights on the top of the Citadel, which seemed like shooting stars, to the shores, dimly seen on each side of the entrance to the harbor, which seemed scarce a mile in width, and to the crowd of people which covered the mean and dingy docks, awaiting our arrival. I was well pleased for the loss of rest, however, by the pleasure I found in watching the phosphorescent gleaming of the waves, and in listening to the rollicking conversation of a Captain Field—a brother of Cyrus W., of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable. He is a great big fellow with a fat, kindly face, in years, "way down in the fifties," as he told us, with a rich, full voice, breaking out into hearty "ha ha's" upon the slightest provocation. He was born in Massachusetts, but has been everywhere, seen everything and knows everybody. He lived in the South 22 years—built the suspension bridge at Nashville—sounded the Atlantic ocean three times—helped lay the telegraphic cable—knows the whole face of the earth as well as I know Montgomery county and better, and wanders all over it, making fun wherever he goes, as much at home at one place as another—a perfect cosmopolite. He is just now helping the "blue noses" of Nova Scotia develop the resources of the country, and cherishing himself at the same time, by working a mine of gold bearing quartz. In appearance he is a well-to-do Kentucky farmer whose conscience is easy and whose dignity is good—being in this respect a marked contrast to his brother Cyrus, who, if my memory serves me correctly, is a thin, pinched-faced man, with "Yankee" written on him from head to foot. He urged us to stop off with him at Halifax, stating for an inducement that there were more pretty girls there, than in any place of his size on earth, and he would pay our bills if we didn't find it so. We reluctantly declined the invitation, and the fun of Halifax for pretty girls, as far as we are concerned, must rest upon the support testimony of the pinched-faced Captain.

From what others say, the place has few other recommendations.—The Citadel, he told us, is a place of great strength, high up in the air on a hill as "steep as the sides of a barn," which "two regiments could hold in defense of all creation."

It was nearly two o'clock before the steamer was fairly fastened to the dock. As we were made fast, our two cannon roared forth a salute, the sound reverberating sharply close above our heads. The planking was shoved out, and as the crowd rushed to get off and the crowd rushed to get on, we descended to our little rooms to sleep.

The next morning found us on the banks of New Fundland, and contrary to the predictions of the seamen and our own expectations, the weather was still fine and the air free of fog. We had a favoring wind, and sails and steam combined sent us onward at the rate of fourteen miles an hour. We saw Ocean then in its beauty, and found pleasure over new in watching the waves dance along toward us, fanning up their "white caps" as if giving us a joyous welcome, and low milky current in our path behind us, contrasting so beautifully with the deep blue of the depths on either side. We felt lovingly disposed towards the sea. It had received us so kindly, welcomed us with such gracious smiles, rocked us so gently while we slept upon its bosom, that we spoke of it as it were, a woman. But we knew that a change might come—that the winds might angrily oppose our progress, the furious waters hurl themselves in their might against us to beat us back or overwhelm us in their depths—that this now gentle sea might soon carry us "up to heaven, and down again to the deep," causing our souls to "melt because of trouble," make us "free to die and free like drunken men," and be at our "wits' end," and show itself still to be the given old king who has reigned since the foundations of the earth were laid, whose voice is a terror, whose power submits to Omnipotence alone; and we mistrusted while we admired.

That day we discovered our ship's company had received many additions at Halifax. A company of soldiers, of the "red coats" many of us had known by tradition, but never had seen before, occupied the region of the forecastle while their officers joined us in the cabin. Eight or ten young Southerners also, of that class described by Russell of the *Times* as being "as wise as serpents and harmless as doves," but as "gentle as children and ferocious as tigers," also appeared among us.

We learned afterwards that they had run the blockade at Wilmington, North Carolina, and were on their way to Europe on business, which they doubtless considered nobody's business but their own. They called one of their number Captain, and an Englishman who met them at Halifax, told us he was a regular and successful runner of the blockade, on his way to England to take a fresh start.

On this day we passed several fishing smacks apparently lying to wait for the fish to bite. On one little boat, which was not larger than a yawl apparently, we saw three men hauling in the fish hand over hand. They stopped not, though we passed them within half a mile, they could scarcely, even had we as with a hook. The smell of the steamer picked the boat almost on to its beam's ends, but it did not interrupt their sports. Perhaps it was something more than sport to them—their daily business on which depended their "daily bread."

Sabbath morning we were off Cape Race in the latitude of the icebergs, surrounded by a fog so dense that we could hardly see the ship's length in advance of us. The captain left his comfortable stateroom and the pleasant society of the ladies and remained on the wheel-house all day long. The other officers and the crew, were at their posts wakeful and vigilant and the passengers in their rubber coats nervously walked the deck, silently, but apprehensively awaiting to see what the dim and undecipherable future might have in store for us. The steam whistle at short intervals sounded out a solemn warning to any vessels that might be in our track, and we all felt that one of the most dreaded "hangers of the deep," might be impending over us. By nightfall, however, we ran out from under the fog into the open sea and then the waves, glittering in the moonlight, seemed smiling at our fears. It is not difficult to understand how steamers like the President, Pacific, City of Glasgow, have gone out from port, never to be heard of again. The momentum of a vessel moved by such gigantic machinery as is that of the Africa, or any other of the Ocean steamers, is something tremendous; and should one of them strike an iceberg of sufficient size to resist its blow, it would fly instantly into fragments or be sent down stern foremost by its own recoil. Such sailors think was the fate of the last steamer.

We had six clergymen on board of different denominations, and of course there was service in the cabin in the morning. It was conducted according to the forms of the established church, by two of the ministers—Rev. Dr. Gray, of Saint Johns, New Brunswick, reading the prayers, and Rev. Dr. Bell, of Huron, Upper Canada, preaching the sermon. All denominations however heartily chimed in on "Old Hundred," when we came to sing the hymn. The cabin was crowded, the sermon good and the audience attentive. The danger which seemed to be near us apparently exercised a good influence in giving every one proper feelings for the service.

Monday morning the ship began pitching up and down over a heavy swell. There was no wind stirring to speak of, and we were at a loss to account for it until an old sailor told us it was the dying away of a heavy storm. I sat in the saloon playing chess with a rebel Episcopal minister, until I experienced some sensations which were anything but enviable. I hastened on deck and by keeping near midship and industriously sucking a lemon, came off victorious. At dinner I happened to look at the face of my right hand man and room mate, and was startled at its paleness. We had just finished our soup, and it was too much for him. He reached the stateroom and the basin just in time. I did not go back again to finish my dinner that day. I was not sick (of course I wasn't), but I would not have paid a penny for forty diners. I kept myself on deck, by the smoke-stack, stuck to my lemon and "Coca-Cola," and retained my equilibrium and my soup. Next morning, after a very comfortable night, I thought I might venture to eat a little and ordered some toast and coffee. I changed my mind, however, before the steward had fairly entered the room with them, and I held my nose until he got them out of the way— which at my recent solicitation, he did very speedily. All that day my condition was "critical," but still walked about wearing the semblance of a man in health, and received congratulations from old sea dogs, upon being still about when so many were pallid and low. By Thursday the sea was calm again and continued so until the voyage was ended.

We amused ourselves on board with games of "shovel board," "bill," chess, cards, draughts &c., and political discussions. As there was no board representatives of every shade of opinion among Americans, there was always somebody ready for an argument.

The Southerners sought no discussion and rather avoided it when there were many listeners. Privately, however, they would argue the whole question up and down all over, with perfect courtesy, but at the same time with a vehemence which showed the intensity of their hatred of the "Northern Government," and its "Yankee" and "heavenly" soldiery. Their arguments, however, had little in them that was fresh or new to me. None of them seemed to be trained reasoners, and when upon the constitutionality of secession they invariably confounded it with the right of revolution. When their attention was called to the fact that nobody denied the right of "any people, any where, having the power and being inclined" to throw off an objectionable government and assume a new one, but that the whole North and all the rest of the world, denied that secession was a right under and within the constitution, they at once abandoned it, and claimed that the "personal liberty bills" &c., of the Northern States gave them as complete a justification for revolution as "taxation without representation" gave the colonies.

One of the discussions between England, represented by a Canadian, the South represented by a Dutchman from Louisiana, and the North by a great, two-fisted, well-to-do Irishman, the same whose name occurs in the first paragraph of this epistle, from Lewiston, Maine, was superlatively amusing. When the topic was Confederate finances, England and the North combined—as they did also, on the abstract right of secession—which Pat pronounced "the devil's own nonsense." When they discussed the possibility of restoring the Union Pat was in a minority. When the topic was Abolitionists, Pat and Hans stood shoulder to shoulder against Bull. The frequent changing of fronts by the different parties was funny, but their arguments were more so, and genuine Southerners, Englishmen, and Northerners listened and laughed in unison.

Hans said, the Union of the States was precisely like the union between Russia, Austria

and Prussia, and to be broken up at the pleasure of either! The *Canuck* thought slavery was a horrible sin, secession a humbug, Confederate money the "damned meanest money he ever heard of," and that the North ought to let the South go. For thought slavery was all right—the normal and proper condition of the "order," but he was not for letting the "great and beautiful world ever new" be broken up. "It is the form of the oppressed of all nations," said he, "that the nation that took care of you and me when we couldn't take care of ourselves in the old country any longer, and the bloody ghastly kings and emperors are laughing in their sleeves at our cutting each others throats, and away will their people go, just look over there, and then think how much better off they are for having a ruler instead of government!" "And you are helping break up the nation," said you, ought to be ashamed of yourself," and so he roared over Hans rough shod. After the discussion had died away, he turned to a gentleman standing near him, and said "you are from the West, isn't ye, sir?" "Yes sir," was the reply. "Are ye a Vallandigham man?" was his next query. "Not by any means," Hans said, giving a thousand dollars to day, to insure his election as Governor of Ohio next October, and then the impatient fellow warmed into a most glowing eulogy upon the distinguished Daytonian. One or two Massachusetts men opened their eyes wide with amazement.

In another discussion Hans attempted to justify the secession of the South, saying the war was inevitable, it had to come some time, &c., but Pat stopped him with a center shot. "What of that," said he, "if you had to dine with the devil would you go hunt him before breakfast?"

One last day at sea! Why was there so much pleasure in that thought on the morning of Friday the 30th of July? Is all the half world before us, there was not a single "eye" that marked our coming, or that would "look bright when we came." The sea had been all beauty before us—it had adorned itself in its loveliest hues—it had sent its birds to show us their plumage—its fish leaping high out of the water, and whales sending up fountains near us to excite our wonder—it had lifted us up high into the air as a father does his child in play, and as tenderly led us down again, all unharmed though breathless—it had not terrified us with dangers, but had waited us along with breezes which gave color to pale cheeks, and life to drooping invalids; and yet we wished for land! Because we were anxious to get through with what we had to do, for even thus early, we think much of home, which is our journey's end. We preferred being among the familiar dangers of the shore to the novel ones of the sea; and the baser motive comes last, we wished to feel safe once more, that when once we had our dinners in possession they belonged to us in fee simple—albeit we were men "tenants" of them "by the courtesy" of old ocean.

At daylight on the morning of the Fourth—the glorious Fourth—I sprang up to find the steamer close to the "stern and rockbound coast" of Ireland. At seven o'clock we passed the "light" and "head" of Kinsale. At eight o'clock we stood on the deck of the tug waving our adieu to our kind ocean-made friends, and the open cave of Cork in all its beauty, behind, waiting to receive us. L.

"The Snake in the Grass."

A correspondent of the New York *Evening Journal* writing upon the text or theme—*Latet Anguis in Herba*, or the Snake in the Grass—says:

"The Republic party now in power was originally the *Know Nothing* party of the North. Previous to June, 1855, it was in complete and unbroken communion with the *Know Nothing* party of the South."

"In the month of June, 1855, this entire *Know Nothing* faction of the United States assembled in Convention in Philadelphia for the purpose of nominating their candidate for the Presidency. They divided off sections from each other. The Northern *Know Nothings* nominated Fillmore. What did they divide about? Slavery—Negro Slavery. Confessedly and recordedly, nothing else. What did they agree about especially? The exclusion of Roman Catholics from all the offices of the country—State and Federal. This was the main timber in both of their platforms."

Therefore are you alarmingly right when you intimate, as you did in a late number of your journal, that when the present Republican Administration shall have gained away over "Copperheads," it can and will march on to its next point of attack—the Catholic Church, and then to its next, whatever it be, till nothing but Plymouth Rock tyranny shall reign over the land.

The matter is very plain. The anti-Catholic principle, which was in the Republican platform in 1855, has never been withdrawn. It might have been artfully omitted in 1860, but a principle so valuable, if true, and so infernal, if false, ought not to have been merely ignored in the second edition of their platform. It may have been omitted—it has never been retracted. *Latet anguis in herba*. Move this pease and do not let the innocent feed the snake that lurks that sting them. R. E.

"Doubtless you have facts in New York to prove the identity between the 'Loyal League' and the 'Know Nothings.' I assure you the facts exist here and are increasing."

Happy Hits from the Louisville Democrat.

The following witty paragraphs from the Louisville Democrat, contain at once the whole history and philosophy of the recent infamously conducted election in Kentucky:

If Lincoln had appointed a Governor directly, without the form of an election, the result would have been the same in Kentucky with less expense to the State.

A correspondent asks if Bramlette has not a red head. We can assure him, on the contrary, that General Bramlette has read nothing.

There is about as much sense in proclaiming Bramlette Governor of Kentucky as in calling him Pope of Rome.

A man who rejoices over the election of Bramlette, under the circumstances, would exult in his father's death because he was his heir.

The late election is called a fair one. As the last we may have, it may be called a far-well one.

Bramlette votes can be counted by the barrel in this State—by the market barrel.

The influence which mould public opinion in Kentucky is a ballot mould.

Democratic State Ticket.

FOR GOVERNOR,
CLEMENT L. VALLANDIGHAM,
Of Montgomery County.
LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,
GEORGE E. PUGH, of Hamilton.
AUDITOR OF STATE,
WILLIAM HUBBARD, of Logan.
TREASURER OF STATE,
HORACE R. KNAPP, of Ashland.
SUPREME JUDGE,
PHILADELPH VAN TRUMP, of Fairfield.
BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS,
JOHN H. HEATON, of Belmont.

Democratic State Central Committee of Ohio.

JOHN G. THOMPSON, SAMUEL MEDARY,
GEORGE L. THOMPSON, AMOS LATMAN,
ALLEN G. THURMAN,
All these gentlemen reside in Columbus, and letters of a political character addressed to any one of them will receive prompt attention.

Democratic County Ticket.

REPRESENTATIVES,
THOS. F. THRESHER,
JOHN F. TOLAN.
CLERK OF THE COURT,
WILLIAM H. GILLESPIE.
TREASURER,
JONATHAN KENNEY.
PROBATE JUDGE,
ADAM CLAY.
PROSECUTING ATTORNEY,
BENDERSON ELLIOTT.
COMMISSIONER,
JOHN S. ALLEN.
INSURANCE DIRECTOR,
JOHN K. WHITMORE.
CORONER,
F. B. SHULL.

NOTES FOR THE TIMES.

"You may give the people a mercenary Senate; you may give them a cruel House of assembly; you may give them a corrupt Congress and a corrupt President; but you cannot give them a corrupt people."—Senator Douglass, January 2, 1861.

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